

Broughton



HERCULES.

A

MUSICAL DRAMA.

AS PERFORMED

AT OXFORD.

Set by Mr. HANDEL.



Dramatis Personæ.

HERCULES.

DEIANIRA, *his Wife.*

HYLLUS, *his Son.*

IOLE, *Princess of Oechalia.*

LICHAS, *an Herald.*

Priest of Jupiter.

Chorus of Trachinians.

Chorus of Oechalians.

SCENE, *Trachiniae, Thessaly.*



ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Drama is founded on the Story of HERCULES and DEIANIRA, as it is related by OVID, in the Ninth Book of his *Metamorphoses*; and the same Subject, as it is treated by SOPHOCLES, in his Tragedy called *The Trachinians*.



HERCULES.

A

MUSICAL DRAMA.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Royal Apartment.*

DEIANIRA and TRACHINIANS.

I. TRACHINIAN.



SEE, with what sad Dejection in her Looks,
Indulging Grief, the mournful Princess sits!
She weeps from Morning's Dawn to Shades
of Night,
From Gloom of Night to red'ning Blush of Morn,
Uncertain of *Alcides'* Destiny,
Disconsolate, his Absence she laments.

A I R.

*No longer, Fate, relentless frown!
Preserve, Great Jove, the Hero's Life!
With Glory's Wreath his Actions crown;
And, O! restore him to his weeping Wife!*

A 2

DEIANIRA.

DEIANIRA.

O *Hercules* ! why art thou absent from me !
 Return, return, my Hero, to my Arms —
 O Gods ! how racking are the Pains of Absence
 To one who loves, who fondly loves, like me !

A I R.

*The World, when Day's Career is run,
 In Darkness mourns the absent Sun :
 So I, depriv'd of that dear Light,
 That warm'd my Breast, and cheer'd my Sight,
 Deplore in thickest Gloom of Grief,
 The Absence of the valiant Chief.*

S C E N E II.

To them H Y L L U S.

DEIANIRA.

My Son ! dear Image of thy absent Sire !
 What Comfort bring'st thou to thy Mother's Ear ?

H Y L L U S.

Eager to know my Father's Destiny,
 I bade the Priests, with solemn Sacrifice,
 Explore the Will of Heav'n—the Altar smok'd—
 The slaughter'd Victim bled—when, lo ! around
 The hallow'd Walls a sudden Glory blaz'd.
 The Priest acknowledg'd the auspicious Omen,
 And own'd the present God—when, in a Moment,
 The Temple shook—the Glory disappear'd,
 and more than midnight Darkness veil'd the Place.
 At length the reverend Flamen,
 Full of the Deity, prophetic spoke ;

ARIOSO.

A R I O S O.

“ I feel, I feel the God—he swells my Breast—
 “ Before my Eyes the Future stands confest—
 “ I see the valiant Chief in Death laid low,
 “ And flames aspire from OETA’s lofty Brow.”

He said: the sacred Fury left his Breast,
 And on the Ground the fainting Prophet fell.

D E I A N I R A.

Then I am lost—O dreadful Oracle!
 My Grievs hang heavy on my lab’ring Soul,
 And soon will sink me to the Realms of Night.
 There once again I shall behold my HERCULES,
 Or whirl the Lance, or bend the stubborn Bow,
 Or to the list’ning Ghosts his Toils recount.

A I R.

*There, in Myrtle Shades reclin’d,
 By Streams that through ELYSIUM wind,
 In sweetest Union we shall prove
 Eternity of Bliss and Love.*

H Y L L U S.

Despair not; but let rising Hope suspend
 Excess of Grief, ’till I have learn’d the Certainty
 Of my dear Father’s Fate—To-morrow’s Sun
 Shall see your HYLLUS bend his pious Steps,
 To seek the Hero thro’ the travell’d Globe.
 If yet he lives, I will restore him to you,
 Or perish in the Search.

A I R.

*Where congeal’d the Northern Streams,
 Bound in icy Fetters, stand;
 Where the Sun’s intenser Beams
 Scorch the burning LYBIAN Sand;
 By Honour, Love, and Duty led,
 With advent’rous Steps I’ll tread.*

C H O R U S.

O filial Piety! O gen'rous Love!
Go, Youth inspir'd, thy Virtue prove:
Immortal Fame attends thee,
And pitying Heav'n befriends thee:
O filial Piety! O gen'rous Love!
Go, Youth inspir'd, thy Virtue prove.

S C E N E III.

To them L I C H A S.

L I C H A S.

Banish your Fears—ALCMENA's godlike Son
 Lives—and from sack'd OECHALIA, which his Arms
 Have levell'd with the Ground, returns a Conqueror.

D E I A N I R A.

O joyful News! welcome as rising Day
 To the benighted World, or falling Show'rs
 To the parch'd Earth!—Ye lying Omens, hence!
 Hence, ev'ry anxious Thought!

A I R.

Begone, my Fears, fly, hence, away,
Like Clouds before the Morning Ray!
My Hero found,
With Laurels crown'd,
Heav'n relenting,
Fate consenting,
Springing Joys my Griefs controul,
And rising Transports swell my Soul.

[*Exeunt* D E I A N I R A and H Y L L U S.

L I C H A S.

How soon is deepest Grief exchang'd for Bliss!

A I R.

A I R.

*The smiling Hours, a joyful Train,
On filken Pinions waft again
The Moments of Delight:
Returning Pleasures banish Woe;
As ebbing Streams, recruited, flow,
And Day succeeds to Night.*

C H O R U S.

*Let none despair: Relief may come, thought late;
And Heav'n can snatch us from the Verge of Fate.*

S C E N E IV.

A Square before the Palace.

I O L E, and Oechalian Virgins, led captive.

I O L E.

Ye faithful Followers of the wretched I O L E,
Your Bonds sit heavier on me than my own.
Unhappy Maids! my Fate has dragg'd you down,
Like some huge Pile, that crushes with its Fall
The neighboring Domes, and spreads wide Ruin round.
Alas! ERASTRIA,
Captivity, like the Destroyer Death,
Throws all Distinctions down, and Slaves are equal.
But, if the Gods relent, and give us back
To our lost Liberty—Ah me! how soon
The Flatt'rer Hope is ready with his Cordial!
Vain Expectation!—No!—Adieu for ever,
Ye smiling Joys, and innocent Delights,
Of Youth and Liberty!—Severe Remembrance!

A I R.

A I R.

*Daughter of Gods, bright Liberty!
 With thee a thousand Graces reign;
 A thousand Pleasures crowd thy Train,
 And hail thee loveliest Deity:
 But Thou, alas! hast wing'd thy Flight;
 The Graces that surround thy Throne,
 And all the Pleasures with thee gone,
 Remov'd for ever from thy Sight!*

L I C H A S.

But hark! the Victor comes! [Exeunt.
 [A March.

S C E N E V.

A Square before the Palace.

HERCULES and Attendants, with IOLE and Oechalian
 Virgins led captive.

H E R C U L E S.

Thanks to the Pow'rs above, but chief to thee,
 Father of Gods, from whose immortal Loins
 I drew my Birth!—Now my long Toils are o'er,
 And JUNO's Rage appeas'd—With Pleasure, now,
 At rest, my various Labours I review.
 OECHALIA's Fall is added to my my Titles,
 And points the rising Summit of my Glory.

[Turning to IOLE.
 Fair Princess, weep no more—Forget these Bonds—
 In TRACHIN you are free, as in OECHALIA.

I O L E.

Forgive me, gen'rous Victor, if a Sigh,
 For my dead Father, for my Friends, my Country,
 Will have its Way—I cannot yet forget
 That such Things were, and that I once enjoy'd them:

A I R.

A I R.

*My Father!—Ah! methinks I see
The Sword inflict the deadly Wound:
He bleeds—he falls in Agony,
Dying he bites the crimson Ground:
Peaceful rest, dear Parent Shade!
Light the Earth be on thee laid!
In thy Daughter's pious Mind
All thy Virtues live enshrin'd.*

[*Ex. Iole and Oechalians.*]

S C E N E V.

H E R C U L E S.

Now farewell, Arms!—From hence the Tide of
Time
Shall bear me gently down to mellow Age.
From War to Love I fly, my Cares to lose
In gentle DEIANIRA's fond Embrace.

A I R.

*The God of Battles quits the bloody Field,
And useless hangs the glitt'ring Spear and Shield;
While all-resign'd to conquering Beauty's Charms,
He gives a loose to Love in Cytherea's Arms.*

C H O R U S.

*Crown with festal Pomp the Day;
Be Mirth extravagantly gay:
Bid the grateful Altars smoke:
Bid the Maids the Youths provoke
To join the Dance; while Music's Voice
Tells aloud our rapturous Joys.*

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Apartment,*

IOLE and OECHALIANS.

IOLE.

WHY was I born a Princess, rais'd on high,
 To fall with greater Ruin?—Had the Gods
 Made me the humble Tenant of some Cottage,
 I had been happy.

A I R.

*How blest the Maid; ordain'd to dwell,
 With sweet Content, in humble Cell,
 From Cities far remov'd;
 By murmur'ing Rills, on verdant Plains,
 To tend the Flocks with Village Swains,
 By ev'ry Swain belov'd:
 Tho' low, yet happy in that low Estate,
 And safe from Ills which on a Princess wait!*

SCENE II.

To her DEIANIRA.

DEIANIRA, *aside, (entering.)*

It must be so—Fame speaks aloud my Wrongs,
 And ev'ry Voice proclaims ALCIDES' Falshood.
 —Love, Jealousy, and Rage at once distract me.

IOLE.

What anxious Cares untimely thus disturb
 The happy Consort of the Son of JOVE?

DEIANIRA.

HERCULES.

11

DEIANIRA.

Fame of thy Beauty (so Report informs me)
First brought ALCIDES to OECHALIA's Court.
He saw—he lov'd—he ask'd you of your Father—
His Suit rejected, in Revenge, he levell'd
The haughty Town, and bore away the Spoil.
But the rich Prize, for which he fought and conquer'd,
Was IOLE.—

IOLE.

Ah! no!—It was Ambition,
Not flighted Love, that laid OECHALIA low,
And made the wretched IOLE a Captive.
Report, that in the Garb of Truth disguises
The blackest Falshoods, has abus'd your Ear
With a forg'd Tale—But, O! let me conjure you,
For your dear Peace of Mind, beware of Jealousy.

A I R.

*Ah! think what Ills the Jealous prove:
Adieu to Peace, adieu to Love,
Exchang'd for endless Pain!
With Venom fraught, the Bosom swells,
And never-ceasing Discord dwells,
Where Harmony should reign.*

DEIANIRA.

Too sure it is, that HERCULES is false.— [Going.

SCENE III.

To them LICHAS.

LICHAS.

My godlike Master—

DEIANIRA.

DEIANIRA.

Is a Traitor, LICHAS,
 Traitor to HYMEN, LOVE, and DEIANIRA.

LICHAS.

ALCIDES false! Impossible!

A I R.

*As Stars, that rise and disappear,
 Still in the same bright Circle move;
 So shines unchang'd thy Hero's Love,
 Nor Absence can his Faith impair:
 The Breast where gen'rous Valour dwells,
 In Constancy no less excels.*

DEIANIRA.

In vain you strive his Falshood to disguise.

[Exit Deianira.]

LICHAS.

This is thy Work, accursed Jealousy!

CHORUS.

*Jealousy! infernal Pest!
 Tyrant of the human Breast!
 How from slightest Causes bred,
 Dost thou lift thy hated Head!
 Trifles, light as floating Air,
 Strongest Proofs to thee appear.*

[Exit Lichas.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment.

HERCULES and DEIANIRA.

DEIANIRA.

Yes, I congratulate your Titles swell'd
 With proud OECHALIA's Fall—But, O! I grieve
 To see the Victor to the vanquish'd yield.
 How lost, alas! how fall'n from what you was!
 Your Fame eclips'd, and all your Laurels blasted!

HERCULES.

Unjust Reproach!—No, DEIANIRA, no!
 While glorious Deeds demand a just Applause.

A I R.

ALCIDES' Name, in latest Story,
 Shall with brightest Lustre shine;
 And future Heroes rise to Glory,
 By Actions emulating mine.

DEIANIRA.

O glorious Pattern of heroic Deeds!
 The mighty Warrior, whom nor JUNO's Hate,
 Nor a long Series of incessant Labours,
 Could e'er subdue, a Captive Maid has conquer'd.
 O Shame to Manhood! O disgrace of Arms!

A I R.

Resign thy Club, and Lion's Spoils,
 And fly from War to female Toils;
 For the glitt'ring Sword and Shield,
 The Spindle and the Distaff wield:

Thund'ring

*Thund'ring MARS no more shall arm thee,
 Glory's Call no more shall warm thee ;
 VENUS and her whining Boy
 Shall all thy wanton Hours employ.*

H E R C U L E S.

You are deceiv'd—Some Villain has belied
 My ever-faithful Love and Constancy.

D E I A N I R A.

Wou'd it were so, and that the Babbler Fame
 Had not thro' all the Grecian Cities spread
 The shameful Tale!

H E R C U L E S.

The Priests of JUPITER
 Prepare, with solemn Rites, to thank the Pow'r
 For the Success of my victorious Arms :
 The ready Sacrifice expects my Presence.
 I go—mean time let these Suspicions sleep,
 Nor causeless Jealousy alarm your Breast.

[Exit Hercules.]

S C E N E V.

D E I A N I R A.

Dissembling, false, perfidious HERCULES !
 Did he not swear, when first he woo'd my Love,
 The Sun shou'd cease to dawn, the silver Moon
 Be blotted from her Orb, ere he prov'd false?

A I R.

*Cease, Ruler of the Day, to rise,
 Nor, CYNTHIA, gild the Evening Skies :
 To your bright Beams he made Appeal,
 With endless Night his Falshood seal.*

Some

Some kinder Pow'r inspire me to regain
 His alienated Love, and bring the Wand'rer back!
 —Hah! lucky Thought! I have a Garment dipp'd
 In NESSUS' Blood, when from the Wound he drew
 The barbed Shaft sent by ALCIDES' Hand,
 It boasts a wond'rous Virtue to revive
 Th' expiring Flame of Love—So NESSUS told me,
 When dying to my Hand he trusted it——
 I will prevail with HERCULES to wear it,
 And prove its magic Force—And, see, the Herald!
 Fit Instrument to execute my Purpose!

S C E N E VI.

To her LICHAS.

DEIANIRA.

LICHAS, thy Hands shall to the Temple bear
 A rich embroidered Vest; and beg thy Lord
 Will instant o'er his manly Shoulders throw
 His Consort's Gift, the Pledge of Reconcilement.

LICHAS.

O pleasing Task! O happy HERCULES!

A I R.

*Constant Lovers, never roaving,
 Never jealous Torments proving,
 Calm, imperfect Pleasures taste:
 But the Bliss to Rapture growing,
 Bliss from Reconcilement flowing,
 This is Love's sublime Repast.*

DEIANIRA.

But see, the Princess IOLE—Retire—[*Ex. Lichas.*
 —*Re*

—Be still, my jealous Fears; and let my Tongue
Disguise the Torture of my bleeding Heart.

S C E N E VII.

To her IOLE.

DEIANIRA.

Forgive me, Princess, if my jealous Frenzy
Too roughly greeted you—I see, and blame
The Error that misled me to insult
That Innocence and Beauty.

IOLE.

Thank the Gods,
That have inspir'd your Mind with calmer Thoughts,
And from your Breast remov'd the Vulture Jealousy.
Live, and be happy in ALCIDES' Love,
While wretched IOLE—— [Weeping.]

DEIANIRA.

Princess, no more; but lift those beauteous Eyes
To the fair Prospect of returning Happiness.
At my Request, ALCIDES shall restore you
To Liberty, and your paternal Throne.

D U E T.

DEIAN. *Joys of Freedom, Joys of Pow'r,
Wait upon the coming Hour,
And court thee to be blest.*

IOLE. *What heav'nly pleasing Sounds I hear!
How sweet they steal upon my Ear,
And charm my Soul to rest!*

Exit. IOLE.

DEIANIRA.

D E I A N I R A.

Father of HERCULES, great JOVE, succeed
The last Expedient of despairing Love!

C H O R U S.

*Love and Hymen, hand in hand,
Come, restore the nuptial Band;
And sincere Delights prepare,
To crown the Hero and the Fair.*

[Exeunt.]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

L I C H A S and T R A C H I N I A N S.

L I C H A S.

YE Sons of TRACHIN, mourn your valiant Chief,
Return'd, from Foes and Dangers threat'ning
Death,
To fall, inglorious, by a Woman's Hand.

A I R.

*O Scene of unexampled Woe!
O Sun of Glory sunk so low!
What Language can our Sorrow tell!
Gallant, unbappy Chief, farewell.*

I. T R A C H I N I A N.

O fatal Jealousy! O cruel Recompence
Of Virtue, in severest Labours try'd!

B. C H O R U S.

*Tyrants now no more shall dread
 On Necks of vanquish'd Slaves to tread:
 Horrid Forms of monstrous Birth,
 Again shall vex the groaning Earth:
 All Fear of Punishment is o'er;
 The World's Avenger is no more.* [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

The Temple of JUPITER.

HERCULES, HYLLUS, Priests, and Attendants.

HERCULES.

O Jove, what Land is this, what Clime accurst,
 By raging PHOEBUS scorch'd?—I burn—I burn—
 Tormenting Fires consume me—O! I die—
 Some Ease, ye pitying Pow'rs!

A I R.

I rage with more than STYGIAN Pains:

Along my fev'rish Veins,

Like liquid Fire the subtle Poison hastes:

BOREAS, bring thy northern Blasts,

And through my Bosom roar;

Or, NEPTUNE, kindly pour

Ocean's collected Flood

Into my Breast, and cool my boiling Blood.

HYLLUS.

Great JOVE relieve his Pains!

HERCULES.

Was it for this unnumber'd Toils I bore?—

O JUNO

O JUNO, and EURYSTHEUS, I absolve ye;
 Your keenest Malice yields to DEIANIRA'S;
 Mistaken, cruel, treacherous DEIANIRA!
 —O! this curst Robe! it clings to my torn Sides,
 And drinks my vital Blood.

H Y L L U S.

Alas! my Father!

H E R C U L E S.

My Son, observe thy dying Sire's Request:
 While yet I live, bear me to OETA's Top;
 There, on the Summit of that Cloud-cap'd Hill,
 The tow'ring Oak, and lofty Cypress, fell,
 And raise a Funeral Pile——Upon it lay me:
 Then fire the kindling Heap, that I may mount
 On Wings of Flame, to mingle with the Gods.

H Y L L U S.

O glorious Thought! worthy the Son of JOVE!

H E R C U L E S.

My Pains redouble—O! be quick, my Son,
 And bear me to the Scene of glorious Death.

H Y L L U S.

How is the Hero fall'n!

A I R.

*Let not Fame the Tidings spread
To proud OECHALIA's conquer'd Wall;
The baffled Foe will lift his Head,
And triumph in the Victor's Fall.*

[Exeunt : Hercules borne off,

S C E N E III.

The Palace.

D E I A N I R A.

Where shall I fly?—Where hide this guilty Head?—
O fatal Error of misguided Love!——
O cruel NESSUS, how art thou reveng'd!
Wretch that I am! By me ALCIDES dies:
These impious Hands have sent my injur'd Lord
Untimely to the Shades—Let me be mad——
Chain me, ye Furies, to your iron Beds,
And lash my guilty Ghost with Whips of Scorpions!—
See! see! they come—ALECTO with her Snakes,
MEGÆRA fell, and black TISIPHONE!

A I R.

*See the dreadful Sisters rise!
Their baneful Presence taints the Skies;
See the snaky Whips they bear!
What Yellings rend my tortur'd Ear!
Hide me from their hated Sight,
Friendly Shades of blackest Night!
Alas! no Rest the Guilty find,
From the pursuing Furies of the Mind.*

S C E N E

HERCULES.

11

SCENE IV.

To her IOLE.

DEIANIRA.

Lo! the fair fatal Cause of all this Ruin!
Fly from my Sight, detested Sorc'ress, fly,
Lest my ungovern'd Fury rush upon thee,
And scatter thee to all the Winds of Heav'n.
—Alas! I rave—the lovely Maid is innocent,
And I alone the guilty Cause of all.

IOLE.

Tho' torn from ev'ry Joy, a Father's Love,
My native Land, and dear-prized Liberty,
By HERCULES's Arms, still I must pity
The countless Woes of his unhappy House.

A I R.

*My Breast with tender Pity swells,
At Sight of human Woe;
And sympathetic Anguish feels
Where'er Heav'n strikes the Blow.*

SCENE V.

To them Priest of JUPITER, HYLLUS and TRA-
CHINIANS.

Priest of JUPITER.

Princess, rejoice, whose Heav'n-directed Hand
Has rais'd ALCIDES to the Court of JOVE!

DEIANIRA.

DEIANIRA.

Speak, Priest! what means this dark, mysterious,
Greeting?
That he is dead, and by this fatal Hand,
Too sure, alas! my bleeding Heart divines.

Priest of JUPITER.

Born (by his own Command) to OETA's Top,
Stretch'd on a fun'ral Pile, the Hero lay:
The crackling Flames surround his manly Limbs.
When, lo! an Eagle, stooping from the Clouds,
Swift to the burning Pyre his Flight directs;
There lights a Moment: Then, with speedy Wing,
Regains the Sky—Astonish'd, we consult
The sacred Grove, where Sounds oracular
From vocal Oaks disclose the Mind of JOVE.
Here the great Sire his Offspring's Fate declar'd;
“ His mortal Part by eating Fires consum'd,
“ His Part immortal to OLYMPUS borne,
“ There with assembled Deities to dwell,”

A I R.

*He, who for ATLAS prop'd the Sky,
Now sees the Spheres beneath him lie:
In bright Abodes
Of kindred Gods,
A new admitted Guest,
With purple Lips,
Brisk Nectar sips.
And shares th' ambrosial Feast.*

DEIANIRA.

Words are too faint to speak the warring Passions,
That

That combat in my Breast—Grief, Wonder, Joy,
By Turns deject and elevate my Soul.

Priest of JUPITER.

Nor less thy Destiny, illustrious Maid, [To IOLE.
Is JOVE's peculiar Care, who thus decrees :
“ HYMEN with purest Joys of Love shall crown
“ OECHALIA's Princess and the Son of HERCULES.”

H Y L L U S.

How blest is HYLLUS, if the lovely IOLE,
Consenting, ratifies the Gift of Heav'n!

I O L E.

What JOVE ordains, can IOLE resist?

D U E T.

IOLE. O Prince, whose Virtues all admire,
Since Jove has ev'ry Bar remov'd,
I feel my vanquish'd Heart conspire
To crown a Flame by Heav'n approv'd.

HYLL. O Princess, whose exalted Charms
Above Ambition fire my Breast,
How great my Joy, to fill those Arms,
At once with Love and Empire blest!

IOLE. I grieve no more, since now I see
All Happiness restor'd in thee.

HYLL. I ask no more, since now I find
All earthly Good in thee combin'd.

Priest of JUPITER.

Ye Sons of Freedom, now, in ev'ry Clime,
With joyful Accents sing the deathless Chief,
By Virtue to the starry Mansions rais'd.

C H O R U S.

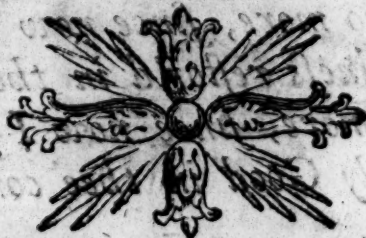
H E R C U L E S

C H O R U S.

*To him your grateful Notes of Praise belong,
 The Theme of Liberty's immortal Song:
 Aw'd by his Name Oppression shuns the Light,
 And Slav'ry hides her Head in Depths of Night;
 While happy Climes to his Example owe
 The Blessings that from Peace and Freedom flow.*

F I N I S.

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